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MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

BY JOSEPH SEILER.

(Concluded from page 505.)

Though the verdict pronounced by Reichardt, who was by no means free from vanity and egotism, and who had, moreover, himself written for the Grand Opera, Paris, may appear severe, it was not too severe. The composer of the *Scherzi d'Amore* and *La Molinara*, lightly and gracefully disporting with flowers of tone, was not the man, especially at his advanced age, † to paint truthfully and movingly, after Gluck, the horrors of the world below. A better composer than Paisiello would have succumbed to the task. But the sensitive Italian was fully conscious of a failure, which he had long foreseen. He only awaited an opportunity of retiring permanently from the scene of his defeat. He found it soon enough. When the populace of Paris, intoxicated with vanity and *gloire*, uttered for the first time, on the 18th March, 1804, in many-thousand-voiced chorus their enthusiastic "*Vive l'Empereur*," Paisiello—loaded by the Emperor with a large store of honours and money, but not regretted or missed by the people—hastened back to Naples, where, after writing some few more pieces of church music, long since forgotten, he departed this life in 1816, at a very great age.

Napoleon—who had no mind to be put to the blush himself, or to allow his favourite to be exposed to the censure of impertinent critics—made known, immediately after the first performance of *Proserpina*, that he was highly pleased with the work, and that in Paisiello France as well as Italy should admire and respect one of the greatest composers. As a matter of course, the papers lost no time in publishing this strange puff. Everyone smiled—to himself—but no one ventured to contradict the absurd assertion. *Proserpina* was, for appearance sake, performed two or three times again, and then its name, as well as that of its composer, was for ever forgotten in Paris.

A diametrically contrary turn was taken by a similar transaction, which occurred a few years earlier between Napoleon and Méhul.

Etienne Henri Méhul was, during the concluding years of the Consulate, frequently admitted to the small and select evening parties which Napoleon Bonaparte was then fond of giving, and which were mostly attended by artists, scholars, and diplomatists. When at these gatherings—where at that time everyone was still allowed to express his opinion freely—the conversation turned upon music, the First Consul never failed to advance his favourite assertion that the Italians were the only operatic composers; by them alone could comic opera be treated with certain effect, and by them alone had it up to that period been so treated. This became at last more than the young and fiery-tempered Méhul could bear. He offered to compose a French comic opera, strictly after the manner of the Italians, and have it played at the Feydeau in the same manner and style. Napoleon took him at his word, and Méhul found himself under the necessity of at once looking out for a suitable libretto. His friend Marsollier quickly supplied him with one in one act, *L'Irato*, wherein the long received and stereotype masks of the Italian *opera buffa* once more represented the well-known situations in the old way. There was the ever roaring, storming uncle, Pandolphe, with an affected sweet-spoken Monsieur Lysandre, as a butt; there was the ridiculous Signor Dottore, with a niece in love, and a coquettish waiting-woman; there was Scapin, the Signor Capitano, and the ever tipsy Bramarbas; and finally, there was a chorus of loutish servants, with whom the old blusterer Pandolphe indulged in his peculiarities to his heart's content.

Let the reader fancy all this operatic apparatus, borrowed from the comic singing-pieces of the Italians, carried out with continuous and never-resting movement; constantly spiced with comic scenes, and constantly renewed with fresh complications and intrigues of the maddest description. The action was, moreover, such that the entire work offered the most thorough parody, the most ruthless caricature of Italian *opera buffa*. The clever composer, on his side, showed in every number, in every bar, and in every chord, that he not only knew how to seize on and carry out the elegant forms of Italian operetta, but that he was perfectly equal to his librettist in bantering humour and biting irony. In

a then highly popular rondo of a celebrated Italian *maestro* the words "*morire d'affanno*" were wedded to the sweetest flourishes, which always threw the public into ecstasies. To the similar French words: "*afin de mourir de douleur*," introduced into his operetta in a burlesque and exaggerated manner, Méhul made his artists sing and sigh, twitter and shout much sweeter jingle, much more extravagant vocal trickery, much more dazzling series of shakes, so that the audience did not know whether they ought to admire or laugh. A similar strain of banter, sometimes, indeed, too palpable, runs, like a red thread, through the whole of the capricious little piece, from the long-winded overture to the final chorus. The composer, at first concealing himself under the pseudonym of "Fiorelli," subjected the judgment of the Parisians to a very ticklish ordeal. The performers—in caricature operatic costume, by the bye—entered so fully into the intentions both of the poet and of the composer, that the success of *L'Irato* was complete and brilliant. After the first performance, Napoleon complimented the composer on having so well attained his object. That he meant seriously what he said was something which, as subsequent events showed, Méhul ought not to have supposed. In his operetta, Méhul introduced without disguise the principal personages of the Italian singing-pieces, with their traditional complications, effects, and rhodomontade, as well as all the sweet cabalettas, rondinos, and ritornellos, which entranced Naples and Venice. But, if we look at the matter carefully, both author and composer pushed their roguish satire too far where a Napoleon was concerned. Méhul especially, by sentimental and occasionally almost tragic touches, had pointed too sharply the comic contrast, and thus turned into the most glaring caricature passages like the refrain: "*mourir de douleur*"—every stanza of which was, in addition, followed by an instrumental portion, thoroughly Italian in style, almost commonplace and farcical. In short—if such a comparison is here allowable—Méhul's opera bore the same relation to the jingle-jangle vocal hurdy-gurdy-like pieces of the Italians, as the tragico-comic history of the noble Knight of La Mancha bears to the romantic tales of *Amadis de Grèce* or *Florimarte d'Hyrcanie*. If, however, crushing satire was the object of Méhul's composition—as it undoubtedly was—Gluck's pupil ought to have accepted the First Consul's smile of satisfaction only at its real worth: banter and biting irony. Napoleon could not allow anyone to ridicule his Italian favourites with impunity. Still less could the First Consul pardon the audacity with which Méhul begged permission to dedicate to that high dignitary a magnificently engraved score of his composition, which had been overwhelmed with unexampled success. Napoleon accepted the dedication, but never again invited to his evening parties the composer, who rejoiced too much in his victory. Even in later years the Emperor still cherished his antipathy for Méhul, and the feeling had probably some share in the fact that some of Méhul's later operas met with a very dubious reception. The public were compelled to be cold towards Méhul, when the Emperor was so. It is fortunate that the composer had already produced his celebrated "*Ouverture de Chasse*," and that he afterwards wrote *Joseph en Egypte*. Thus, Méhul does not quite belong to the "Musicians who have died away"—not quite!

AUGUST.*

The wheat we'll now be binding,
The bearded barley too,
This bonny month of August,
We've quite enough to do.
While lasts the fine bright weather,
The reaper should not roam,
But take his well-earned pleasure,
At the merry harvest home.

The fertile months of summer,
Are pleasant one and all,
But the very best is August,
When the corn begins to fall.
For it tells of peace and plenty,
And of good cheer yet to come,
So we'll haste to fill our garners,
For the merry harvest home.

* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

WEIMAR.—FRANZ Liszt has arrived here on a visit to Richard Wagner.

COPENHAGEN.—The Viennese Boys' Orchestra have been playing at Tivoli. They have performed at Court, and are now located at the Boulevard Concert-Hall. They next visit Stockholm. Nothing has been heard lately of the promised appearance of Mad. Trebelli at the Theatre Royal.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.† Paisiello was then above sixty years old, and *Proserpina* his 148th and last opera.

THAYER'S LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.*

(Continued from page 471.)

In the next chapter, Thayer begins to explain the long series of errors which have been constructed with such care around the two brothers of Beethoven. The author gives us in this chapter, as the result of his powers of investigation, the very probable supposition that Beethoven studied quartet music with the composer Emanuel Aloys Förster, at that time so deservedly celebrated. The next chapter brings us to the year 1801. Besides the most interesting information concerning the origin and arrangement of the *Prometheus* music, in which we find also great exactitude with respect to time and place; besides the letters of the composer given in other works, but here gaining additional interest on account of their correct chronological order; in addition to these matters of interest, we have also here laid before us a hitherto unknown letter, addressed to Messrs Breitkopf and Hartel in Leipzig. The following chapter contains biographical explanations of the letters of 1801. Here the author pours forth from his "horn of plenty" such a glorious mass of fresh facts, that we are almost overpowered. The fourth chapter gives an account of the year of suffering, 1802. The following chapters of this truly deserving work throw fresh light upon the author's skill in the art of solving problems, and are one continuous stream of entirely new matter. The fresh letters which the author here brings before our notice are all very interesting to admirers of Beethoven, illustrating as they do, more fully, the nobility of his character and affording us new and brilliant glimpses of the outward life of the great master. But all this is only what we might reasonably have expected when such a man as Thayer set his hand to the work; for whatever he undertakes is accomplished with a thoroughness which must satisfy even the most critical reader. The nine parts of his appendix also contain very important additions. To these belong the communications from Czerny and Louis Drouet concerning Beethoven's life, which form the natural introduction to "Beethoven's character and person."

So far as the description of Beethoven's outer life is concerned, our author succeeds in laying before the reader the most surprising discoveries, and in maintaining them with great plausibility. In conclusion let me add that, though this book, like every other human production, is marked by some defects, it is a most superior work; and the trivial shortcomings are swallowed up by the wonderful excellences it possesses. And I can only hope that the much esteemed author will quickly give us his continuation of the biography of this immortal composer.

The *National Zeitung*, of Oct. 24, 1871, writes:—From among recent musical literary productions we single out A. W. Thayer's *Ludwig v. Beethoven's Life*, translated into German from the original manuscript. When five years ago the first volume of this work lay before us, we hailed it as one of the most valuable productions of the Beethoven literature.

After many attempts had been made, and as many failures, an American at length took it into his head to make the life of the great master an object of the closest and most minute personal investigation. With the energy, tenacity, and practical forethought natural to his race, he devoted himself to an undertaking which offered him, as the sole reward for overcoming difficulties and obstacles almost insurmountable, the simple satisfaction of feeling that he had to the best of his ability assisted in the spread of truth. The first matter for him to settle was the limit to which his material allowed him to go. He has only to deal with facts; and therefore all professional and scientific leanings, as also all æsthetic critical discussions, must be laid aside. The reader must not, then, expect to find in this work the subject completely exhausted in all respects. What is offered to us is simply a narration, made after the most careful investigation, of the great master's life, and an account of his productions arranged in chronological order. Putting all other matters aside, the author confines himself to a narrative of bare facts given in a plain practical style. As he himself declares, he has only accomplished the difficult and laborious preparatory work; he has but laid the foundation upon which some future historian of Beethoven may erect a fair and stately structure. We owe, then, to Mr Thayer the warmest and deepest thanks for the earnestness, zeal, love, unshrinking perseverance and patience with which he has

prosecuted a task which will never perhaps receive its full meed of appreciation.

The sources of information respecting Beethoven as a man and a composer, which are available to the general public, are but few and scanty. "The most valuable part of his correspondence consists of a few letters addressed to the friends of his youth (which however are scattered over a very long period of time), and also some letters to his publishers. Besides these we possess a number of notes and scraps of letters to all sorts of persons, of the most varied contents, which, for biographical purposes, are of no great value. Beethoven was not at all communicative, and on very rare occasions was he disposed to speak about himself. We possess, further, solitary expressions of his views and opinions in albums and sketch books, scattered about here and there as chance would have it. In the communications of Wegeler and Ries, who were both friends of the composer, we have a vein of information of the greatest value; for these biographers relate what came under their own personal notice. The biography of Schindler is a much more uncertain source; and any other information we can glean lies scattered over the widest field of literature. All this material Thayer has brought together with most praiseworthy conscientiousness, and has reduced to the most perfect order. He has also carefully sifted it and enriched it by the most assiduous and unwearied inquiries from the contemporaries of the composer.

The second volume of Thayer's work comprises the decade from 1796 to 1806. The arrangement of the matter contained in this work has an almost lawyer-like appearance of exactitude and regularity; and he who expects to have his emotions pleasantly excited, or his idle moments agreeably amused in reading this book, will find himself utterly disappointed. The author starts with the supposition that the reader possesses a clear comprehension of the importance of the subject; he engages him in the most laborious and minute investigations; spares him the examination not even of the minutest object, if it has the appearance of being able in any degree to assist in unfolding the truth. We have not only the final results set before us, but also the external and internal proofs of everything advanced; the author making us throughout the partners of his toil. If in spite of all his painstaking he has only been able to glean a few meagre notices, as the biographical gain of many a year of the composer's life, this is fully explained by the scantiness of all the sources of information available to us. One especial service rendered by the work of Thayer is the severe criticism with which he has handled all the legends concerning Beethoven. The inclination so common to most biographers to deify their heroes is quite wanting in him. Although, however, he treats his subject with such moderation, it loses nothing by this treatment, but rather the very simplicity of the description adds beauty and grandeur to the theme.

—o—

PORTRAIT BROYÉ.

Cette épreuve unique ? Hélas ! elle n'existe plus ! A la mort de son père, M. Pierre Gavarni avait offert ce petit cadre, ce précieux daguerréotype à M. Charles Yriarte qui l'avait appendu, comme un joyau, dans sa jolie maison de Saint-Cloud, entre ses tableaux aimés. L'invasion vint. Lorsque M. Yriarte rentra dans sa maison, il la trouva dévastée. Que lui importaient d'ailleurs certains meubles ? Il songeait surtout à ses œuvres d'art, et, avant tout, à ce portrait au daguerréotype d'Honoré de Balzac. Il le demandait, il le cherchait. Tout à coup, au coin d'une cheminée, il ramassa des débris de verre, de verre mis en poussière. C'était l'unique portrait de Balzac qu'avait broyé le talon d'un soldat allemand.—(To Sutherland Edwards, Esq.)

En Passant.

Deux rapins râpés causent dans la rue :—"Ce qui nous manque, ce ne sont pas de bons tableaux, ce sont de bons cadres !" "De bons cadres !... parle plus bas, tu insultes l'armée !" "Ce qui nous manque encore, c'est un bon atelier avec un bon éclairage et un bon parquet."... "Un bon parquet ! motus !... tu insultes la magistrature !" "Ce qui nous manque enfin, c'est de l'argent, c'est un ordinaire substantiel. ... Car, enfin, notre chère est faible."... "La chaire est faible !... malheureux !... tu insultes le clergé, maintenant !" —(To Shaver Silver, Esq.)

* From Dwight's *Boston Journal of Music*.

THE TELEPHONE.

Few of the recent applications of science have attracted so much popular curiosity, and few, perhaps, have been the subject of such extravagant and erroneous statements, as the telephone. It has been said that the sound of a speaker's voice has been recognised after travelling through 500 miles of wire; that an orchestra can play to a dozen audiences a hundred miles apart, and so on. These are, indeed, only American reports, and perhaps it would be uncharitable to say that that accounts for their character. Yet the invention is indeed a most startling one—too remarkable, indeed, to be discredited by any amount of exaggeration.

That musical sounds should be transmitted by telegraph is, in fact, less remarkable than it at first appears. To see this we have only to consider the conditions of the problem. Sound is, of course, only the result of air vibrations. If it is possible to produce at any place an exactly similar series of vibrations to that occurring at any other place, the same sounds will be heard at both spots. The vibrations must obviously be precisely similar—of the same rapidity, to give the tone or pitch; of the same amplitude, to give the intensity or volume of sound; and, more difficult to explain, they must also be such as to give the quality, which Helmholtz has shown to depend on the "harmonics" accompanying the primary tone. The first two conditions several telephones fulfil; the third is as yet unattained, and is perhaps unattainable.

It is not difficult to see that the vibrations of a tuning-fork, making and breaking an electrical circuit, will produce pulsations in the current which can, by their action on a magnet, alternately magnetise and demagnetise at each interruption and formation of the circuit, produce exactly similar vibrations in another tuning-fork, no matter how long the circuit and how distant the forks. This idea suggested itself to Phillip Reuss in 1861, and resulted in the construction of the first telephone. In this the sending instrument consisted chiefly of a membrane stretched over a box in such a way that the membrane was put in vibration by the voice of any one speaking into the box. On the membrane was a piece of platinum, which, as it moved to and fro, formed and broke the electrical connexion in a properly arranged line of wire. By this line the electrical pulsations were transmitted to a coil of wire surrounding an iron bar, this having on the bar the curious effect of causing it slightly to expand and contract at each pulsation. These slight alterations in length, rapidly succeeding each other, produced a musical note, which corresponded in the number of vibrations with that sounded in the box, and was, therefore, identical with it. But though the note is the same, it is not of the same quality. The instrument cannot reproduce that; it merely, as has been said, sings with its own voice, which has been compared to a penny trumpet. The idea once started, inventors were not wanting to take it up and develop it. In America, Mr. E. Gray and Mr. Graham Bell have been most successful, and, in this country, Mr. Cromwell Varley. It has already been announced in the *Times* that the telephone of the last named gentleman is shortly to make its appearance at the Queen's Theatre, and on the 12th inst., a private trial was made of the instrument before submitting it to the public. To describe the instrument minutely would be impossible without the aid of drawings, and without entering into technicalities uninteresting and indeed unintelligible to any but practical electricians. Still, perhaps some account of its general action may be worth giving, inasmuch as it is certainly the first by which musical sounds have been conveyed by telegraph in this country.

Like all telegraphic apparatus, this telephone consists of two instruments, a sender and a receiver. On Thursday both these were at the Queen's Theatre, so that both could be examined, and the wire was laid across to the Canterbury Hall and back, a distance in all of some three miles. In the public performances, of course, the sending instrument will be at one place and the receiver at the other. Let us consider the receiver first, for it is in it that the greatest novelty of the instrument consists. The only thing visible to the audience is a large drum-head, or tambourine, inside which is stretched what appears to be a sheet of tissue paper. Nor is there very much more. Mr. Varley discovered the curious fact that if a pulsating electric current of "high tension" be sent into a "condenser," an arrangement of thin plates alternately of conducting and non-conducting materials, the plates will vibrate, and if large enough and of construction, they will produce a musical note. The note thus formed is greatly magnified by the drum-head, and can be made to sound quite as loud as the ordinary note, say as a hautboy, which, indeed, it much resembles. It is understood that this condenser has some special features of construction, but to all appearances it differs little from the ordinary condensers of tinfoil and paraffined paper which are used in electrical operations. No satisfactory explanation of this curious phenomenon has yet been given, but of its existence there can be no doubt.

The sending instrument is much more complicated. A number of tuning-forks, sufficient to enable a simple tune to be played by their means, are employed. Each of these has, mounted near its end, a small electro-magnet, worked by a battery, by which it is kept in constant vibration, precisely; to take a familiar instance, as the striker of an electric bell is kept going when the button is pressed down. The vibrations of the fork are then caused to make and break a second separate electric circuit passing through an "induction coil," by which the "low tension" electricity of the battery is transformed into the "high tension" electricity required to produce the vibrations of the condenser. All these forks are then kept vibrating simultaneously, producing, of course, a rather discordant hum; but the current from none of them passes into the condenser until, by the depression of a key, the circuit is completed between one of the forks and the condenser, when the note belonging to that fork is instantly sounded. A number of keys, one for each fork, are mounted on a key-board, and they are manipulated just like piano-forte keys. The instrument at the Queen's has a compass of an octave and a half, from C below the staff to G above it, and there are consequently 12 forks with their attendant apparatus.

Of the music produced it is impossible to speak in very high terms. Some of the notes were good enough, but others were quite false, and the impression it gave was that the instrument was not properly adjusted and tuned. It was stated that its action is somewhat uncertain, and that it depends partly on atmospheric conditions. This is doubtless to be attributed to the use of high tension electricity, which, as is well known, is difficult to manage over long distances. It did not appear quite evident why a single coil placed near the condenser would have not acted equally well; but there are doubtless considerations of adjustment and the like which cannot be appreciated on a mere cursory inspection.

The whole apparatus has been put up in considerable haste and under considerable difficulties. The Post Office refused to lend a wire, and so it became necessary to erect a private one. This, involving as it did the getting the permission from the proprietors of houses in the route, was a troublesome undertaking; but it was successfully accomplished by the Gutta-Percha and Telegraph Works Company, of Cannon-street, who undertook the work. The span of a quarter of a mile across the Thames is an unusually long one, and seemed to present the greatest obstacle, but this was eventually crossed, and the line completed.

Should the present instrument prove all that is expected, we are promised a speaking telephone; and it must be confessed that such an instrument would be of far greater utility, as well as of greater interest, than a telephonic organ such as that of Mr. Varley. The weak point of the American speaking telephone of Bell is the extreme lowness of its sounds. This is certainly not the case with Mr. Varley's apparatus. We shall look with interest for a combination of the two, for some apparatus in which the vibrations received by Bell's stretched membrane shall be given out by Varley's condenser. Such an arrangement, if the instruments can be cheaply worked and easily kept in order, would soon replace all the "A B C" instruments used for short distances on our private wires, even if it did not come into use for all our telegraphic communications. The instrument at present shown cannot transmit the sound of the voice, nor can it take up and reproduce the music played by an orchestra or even a single musical instrument. All it can do is to produce in its own voice whatever tune is played on it. That it should do so at a distance of several miles is strange enough, but more than this is expected from the perfect telephone, and more than this will certainly be accomplished before very long.—*Times*.

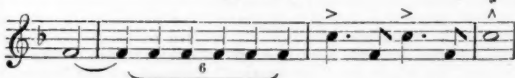
EXOTIC SCENERY.

Mr Thomas Rogers, scenic artist, writes to *The Times* (Aug. 6) from 63, St George's Road, S.E. :-

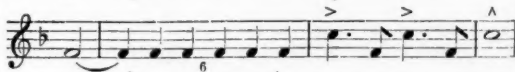
"I noticed in a recent issue of *The Times* a report of the opera, *Il Flauto Magico*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, wherein you state you could not but feel surprised at seeing 'a purely English landscape, Act II., Scene I, in the near vicinity of the temple of the Egyptian Isis.' I beg you will, in justice to myself, through the medium of your columns, allow me to explain that the view in question was in no way connected with me, or permitted by me to be added to the scenery painted. The Egyptian portion is but a trifle of what was intended for the opera of *Semiramide*, when Mdlle Tietjens sufficiently recovered to reappear. Unfortunately, she has not been able to do so; therefore the scenery has been appropriated, 'as much as could be used,' for *Il Flauto Magico*."

So, then, the "Egyptian portion," such as it appeared, in this opera "mounted with great magnificence," was really intended for *Semiramide*, in which everything should be *Assyrian*? We look to Mr Ruskin for an explanation. T. Querr.

Zuphigouri.

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.
[Private.]

Str.—Agriole ayant en pensée d'écouter ce qu'elle avoit commencé, estoit merueilleusement troublée : Dont s'aperceurent ses Damoyelles, & s'en vindrent ses plus priuées lui demander qu'elle avoit. Je me trouue bien mal, respondit elle, aprestez tost mon lit que je me couche.



P.S.—*Atque hæc uera sunt rerum naturalium fundamenta, in quibus nihil (NIHIL) est repugnans.*

This can best be explained by the legend of the

Braconnier and the Gendarme.

Un braconnier fuyant devant un
bon gendarme,
A son chien, en courant, disoit :
Bon Médor, viens !
Et le chien aboyait . . .
Ce qui donna l'alarme . . .



Gendarme means armed
gent. Nevertheless, the
moralité comes to this :—*On*
n'est jamais trahi que par les
chiens !



Pardon this intrusion, and believe me, sir, yours as previously,
Crocker Roovers.

VIENNA (from an occasional Correspondent).—The Grand Opera closed its doors on the 1st of July with *Hans Heiling* (Marschner), and will only re-open on the 15th of August. Then I shall be happy to send you always the musical *feuilletons* of Professor Hanslick, if they interest you. (Of course they do.—D. P.) Yesterday the Conservatory finished its last musical exhibition. It will re-open on the 21st of September. The “*concours*” lasted from the 20th of June until the 7th of July, under the direction of Professor and Director Helmesberger. The number of pupils are at present 716—in all branches. At the “*concours*” 115 were admitted, from among whom the following received first prizes by unanimous consent :—for *Singing*—Frl. Stahl (a splendid contralto), pupil of Mad. Marchesi and Frl. Klunzinger ; for *Pianoforte*—thirteen received first prizes, the best three being Herr Robert Fischhof, Herr Bruno Schöneberger, and Frl. Caroline Geissler, pupils of Professor Door ; for *Violin* the only first prize was awarded to Arnold Rosenblum, a little genius, twelve years of age, who already creates a sensation ; he is a pupil of Professor Heigler's. Mad. Rosa Ceillag, an old favourite in England, who has been a short time professor at the Conservatory, has already some excellent pupils. L. L.

THE LATE MR TOWNSHEND SMITH.

(From the “*Hereford Times*.”)

Mr Townshend Smith, organist of Hereford Cathedral, died suddenly on Friday evening (Aug. 3). Deceased had been to Gloucester during the day, making arrangements in connection with the approaching Festival of the Three Choirs, and was to have conducted a practice of the Choral Society on that evening, but, feeling fatigued, the meeting was postponed. Shortly afterwards the city was thrown into gloom by the announcement of his death. Mr Smith has been organist of Hereford Cathedral for upwards of a quarter of a century, and was well known in the musical world. It was only last year that the stewards presented him with a handsome testimonial in recognition of his valuable services in the management of the Three Choirs Festival. The deceased gentleman was brother to Mr Montem Smith, the well-known cathedral tenor.

MR CARL ROSA IN DUBLIN.

The history of English Opera is a peculiarly chequered one. It has been said “English Opera has no history, no unbroken line of traditions, and has no regular sequence of operatic works by native composers.” It were long to investigate the value of this *dictum*, but there can be no doubt that of recent years—that is to say within the last quarter of a century—the vicissitudes of national opera have been many and curious, and the general result does not point to brilliant success. Looking back to the days of Arnold and Bunn, Macready, Pyne and Harrison, E. T. Smith and the National Opera Company, not to mention the numerous small travelling companies which under one name or another, have looked for public favour, we encounter failure almost at every step ; nor is there much of a satisfactory character to contemplate until we meet the name of Mr Carl Rosa, who, with his rarely gifted wife, the lamented Mme Parepa-Rosa, succeeded in popularising English Opera in America—gaining fame and profit beyond anything which other *impresarii* were able to achieve. The success which Mr Rosa accomplished beyond the Atlantic was due to his wonderful pluck, energy, perseverance, and remarkable talent as a conductor and a man of business. In Great Britain and Ireland he has inaugurated a system which we have no doubt, will have as agreeable results. Possessed of an ample fortune, he stands in a very different position from those less fortunate speculators who could not afford to deal in the same generous and enterprising manner with the public. At the London Lyceum he has achieved brilliant successes, and in the provinces his name is a “tower of strength.” Great expectations are naturally rife with regard to his present company, and so far as last evening's performance at the Gaiety is concerned, those expectations have been adequately fulfilled. Rarely have we seen a more complete performance of *Il Trovatore*. A large and enthusiastic audience filled the theatre. Mme Blanche Cole, whose reception was particularly flattering, proved how well she deserved the plaudits of her Dublin lieges, with whom she has been for some years a prime favourite. Miss Josephine Yorke's Azucena was a highly commendable performance. Mr Snazelle, whom we have already heard in Dublin, did well in the part of Ferrando. Mr Packard, whose voice has gained strength, while it retains its sweetness, sang “*Ah si ben mio*” delightfully, and received a spontaneous encore. In the “*Di quella pira*,” with his “*Ut de poitrine*,” he brought down the house. Mr Ludwig was very warmly received, and gave his music in capital style. “*Il Balen*” was sung with artistic feeling, and encored. The small part of Inez was capably filled by Miss L. Graham. For a long time we have not heard better chorus singing. Mr Rosa's, in short, is a *troupe d'ensemble*, in every detail well regulated. This evening *The Lily of Killarney* will be given. —*Irish Times*.

PARIS.—An interesting event to the theatrical and musical world occurred on Saturday in the distribution of prizes to successful pupils at the Conservatoire. M. Brunet, Minister of Public Instruction, opened the proceedings with an appropriate speech, at the end of which he expressed pleasure at being able to proclaim, in the school at which Gounod gained his first laurels, that the President of the Republic had promoted the composer of *Faust* and *Cinq-Mars* to the grade of Commander of the Legion of Honour. The distribution of prizes was followed by a concert and dramatic recitations, in which laureates and prize-winners took part.

The Fury of Higher Development.

(Read Joseph Bennett on Ghouls.)



DR BRAY.—Old 'oss, your eyes are starting out of your head—you foam at the mouth—you are disturbed?

MAJOR NEIGH.—The Polacca and Polonaise of Weber could not stand apart (neighs loudly).

DR BRAY.—Calm yourself—take a pill.

MAJOR NEIGH.—I have knit them together with orchestral threads (neighs).

DR BRAY. Say cords. Be calmer—take a sedative.

MAJOR NEIGH.—They now house nob by nob like two peas in a shod (neighs louder).

DR BRAY.—Say two pills in a box (brays nervously, aside). You're feverish. Take a sudorific.

MAJOR NEIGH.—And Schubert (neighs vociferously). Haven't I knit his thoughts together with orchestral threads?

DR BRAY.—Say ropes—say grapnels. You are delirious. Take an opiate, and go to bed.

MAJOR NEIGH.—Ass! Give me the pill (swallows opiate). Ha! He! Hi! Ho! Heu—cauda!

DR BRAY.—I knew 'twould come to this. Glanders! Why can't he leave Weber, Schubert, and all of 'em alone?

[Exit, braying fearlessly.]

REPLY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—May I crave a few lines of reply à propos of my last letter. Mr Dishley Peters has appended to it an emendation which I should be grieved to believe true. Speaking of Storace he says that I evidently am not aware that "A greater musical pilferer of other men's goods never existed." That I certainly was not aware of; nay, even now (begging Mr Peters' kind forbearance), I am not convinced of it; nor do any of the gentlemen whose opinions I have alluded to seem to say so. Take the latest of them—the only one I have at hand to refer to—Mr C. K. Salaman. He says (*vide Musical Times* for April last): "The style of Storace's melodies differs materially from that of Purcell, Arne, and Shield." Again: "Storace, avoiding plagiarism, wisely availed himself, as all great musicians have done, of the accumulated experience of his predecessors and contemporaries, famous in his own and in other countries." True, Mr Salaman also admits, "On perusing the two latest operas of Storace one cannot fail to notice that the composer was not insensible to the captivating, all-powerful influence of Mozart;" but he immediately adds, "yet retaining his own individuality of style and expression." With the exception of the italics, which are mine, I believe I have fairly quoted Mr Salaman, a gentleman whose opinions are entitled to considerable weight, and which I take pleasure in endorsing. If this be the head and front of Storace's offending, I fear my friend Mr Peters will agree with me that nearly all the great composers, from Handel and Mozart downwards, must be voted plagiarists as well as he; but if otherwise, will Mr Peters kindly say which of Storace's pieces he considers to be stolen, and from whom? Awaiting his reply, believe me, yours truly,

D. BARTLE.

P.S.—By the way, I see, in my notice of Shield, you have made me say that he published a "Canto" of glees, duets, &c. The word should be "Cento."

[Wait awhile. "No Song no Supper."—D. B.]

ANCIENT MUSIC.

The valuable library of the late Dr E. F. Rimbault, well-known in the musical world, has just been sold by Messrs Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. It contained several very curious works, especially in the collection of ancient music, and these were eagerly contested for and fetched high prices. Among them were—Arbeau Orchesographie, £6 6s.; Bathe's Skill of Song, £3 12s.; Bevin's Arte of Musick, £5 5s.; Butler's Principles of Musick, £3 2s. 6d.; Clifford's Anthems, £2 7s.; Mersenne Harmonica, £4 4s.; Alison's Psalmes, £3 14s.; Banquet of Music, £5 15s.; Beaujoyeux Ballet Comique, £14 10s.; Byrd's Parthenia, £9; Chambonnières Pièces de Clavessin, £3 15s.; Choice Ayres, £4 4s.; Dancing Master, £3 8s.; D'Anglebert, Pièces de Clavessin, £2 16s.; Day's Morning and Evening Prayer, £5 2s. 6d.; Day's Psalmes, £3 5s.; Delicieux Musick, £2 11s.; Division Violin, £5 2s. 6d.; Farmer's Plain Song, £10 10s.; Finger's Sonatæ XII., £5 15s.; Gamble's Ayres, £3 16s.; Greeting's Pleasant Companion, £4 10s.; Hilton's Catch, £4 6s.; Holborne's Pavans, £8 10s.; Ireland's Psalm Tunes, Cantus and Bassus only, £2 3s.; Lawes's Ayres, £5 7s. 6d.; Leighton's Teares, £5; Le Jeune Pseaumes, £5 2s. 6d.; Luther's Geystliche Lieder, £7 15s.; Marot Pseaumes, £5 15s.; Morley's First Booke of Consort Lessons, the treble viol part only, £13 13s.; Nederlandsche Geneck-Clanck, £3 5s.; Ornithoparcus his Micrologus, £4 12s.; Hole's Parthenia inviolata, £7 7s.; Playford's Musick's Delight, £7 10s.; Playford's Catch that Catch Can, £3 5s.; Psalms for Scotland, £7 7s.; Purcell's Te Deum, £3 3s.; Ravenscroft's Psalmes, £3 2s. 6d.; Peggion's Songs, £3 18s.; Rossetor's Consort Lessons, £5 7s. 6d.; Simonetti, Ghirlanda Sacra, £3 14s.; Songs and Ayres, £5 10s.; Theatre of Music, £3 10s.; Treasury of Musick, £3 13s.; Vinculum Societatis, £2; Wanless's Anthems, £3 10s.; Whythorne's Songs, £3 2s. 6d.; Motets in Manuscript, £21; Mulliner's Collections of Motets, Hymns, Autograph MS., £82; Manuscript Services, £14 14s.; Manuscript Songs, £13 13s.; Virginal Musick, £25 11s.; Playford's Introduction, £10 10s.; Vinotilla de Musica, £9 9s., &c. The entire library, including a pair of virginals made by Adam Leversidge in 1666, which sold for £26, produced £1,977 13s. 6d.

VIENNA.—A new operetta, *The Haunted Castle*, by Mellöker and Berla, has been tried by director Steiner. The scene is laid in the Tyrol amongst peasants and mountaineers. The result of the trial is yet undecided.

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

Lord LINDSAY, M.P.
Dr W. POLE, F.R.S.
Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR.
Mr GEORGE CRITCHETT.

COMMITTEE.

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS.
Dr F. HUEFFER.
Mr J. S. BERGHEIM.
Mr EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

Portraits.

No. 7.—Pessimus Optimus.

Tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles.



J. Yell.

PESSIMUS OPTIMUS.—Say—nothing could be worse? Humph!—so much the better.—But say—nothing could be better?—Humph!—so much the worse. I must talk about Schopenhauer, at Godesberg. Hueffer will reconcile him with Wagner. *Tant mieux*—no, *Tant pis*.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877.

THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA.

ABOUT a fortnight since the subjoined paragraph appeared in a morning paper:—



"THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.—It will be remembered that the works were suddenly suspended a few months ago, and have since that period been at a stand, after an expenditure of about £60,000 on the building so far as it has at present proceeded. We understand, however, that the works will be actively resumed in the course of next week, and that, in accordance with an undertaking entered into by Mr Mapleson and the proprietors with the Metropolitan Board of Works,

the building will be covered in and internally finished by Lady-day next. We are further informed that Mr Webster, who has hitherto held the contract, has withdrawn from it, and will take his seat as a member of the committee of proprietors, and that an eminent firm of builders have entered into an undertaking to complete the building."

After ten days had elapsed—employed, doubtless, by Mr Mapleson in endeavouring to find out from what quarter the paragraph, the major part of which he must have known very well to have been untrue, emanated—he very advisedly addressed the following letter to the *Times*:—

"THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.

(To the Editor of the "*Times*,".)

"SIR,—About a week or ten days ago a paragraph appeared in the *Times* setting forth that the works in connexion with the National Opera House would be 'actively resumed in the course of next week,' and that 'in accordance with an undertaking entered into by Mr Mapleson and the proprietors,' the building would be 'covered in and internally finished by Lady-day next.' This news astonished and saddened me; for it is without basis. I read on, and was as much mortified as I was surprised to find it stated that 'an eminent firm of builders have entered into an undertaking to complete the building.' My one objection to these assertions is that they are not true. I do not complain of their being inaccurate, I only regret that they are so. And now that the termination of my Opera season places me at liberty to attend to other matters than those which have engaged the whole of my attention for the last few months, I trust I may be allowed to make known through your columns the exact position in which the affairs of the National Opera House stand.

"A sum of about £80,000 has been spent on the building, and, apart from this outlay, I have paid a large premium for the land and the ground-rent up to the present time. The land-tax, moreover, has been redeemed and paid for. The engineering and mechanical difficulties which were considered insurmountable have been overcome and foundations have been secured on 40ft of concrete. An additional £40,000 is required to enable us to put on the roof, which practically would finish the building, as all that might afterwards be needed could easily be raised at a very low figure on mortgage. The whole of the debenture-holders are willing to stand on one side to permit a first mortgage to be thus obtained; and they will, if necessary, forego all claim to interest, so anxious are they to see the National Opera House finished. There is no charge whatever on the building as it now stands. It is fully available, then, as security; and £40,000 lent on the existing construction, which has cost £80,000, would enable us to get the roof on. Then a much larger sum might

be procured; certainly, quite enough to pay off the £40,000 and complete the Opera House both internally and externally. The theatre once finished and furnished, it is a mistake to suppose that the cost of mounting the first few operas would be very ruinous. I speak with some authority on this head, for a large number of operas have been newly mounted this season at Her Majesty's Theatre—every one, as a matter of course, that has been played—they have all been mounted with great magnificence, and the whole expense of mounting has been paid for out of the profits. In these circumstances, is it impossible in a rich, art-loving city like London to obtain a sum of £40,000 on security which has cost £80,000.

"I have hitherto said nothing about the unusual attractions which an Opera House of the finest architectural proportions, standing on a site which cannot be matched in Europe, would present. But, other things being equal, it is obvious that an Opera House standing by itself on a river esplanade of great beauty, accessible on all sides, visible from all points, would possess some advantages over theatres built upon two, if not three, sides, and situated in such crowded, such unhealthy neighbourhoods, that to ventilate them is simply to let in bad air. At this moment not one of our theatres adds to the architectural beauty of London, for, in the first place, not one of them can be seen. They form part of the street in which they are situated, and as a rule can only be approached by the public on one side, or at most on two. It would be something to have in London one theatre which could be admired as a piece of architecture. It should be remembered, too, that if the National Opera House is diverted from the purpose for which it was intended there will be no other chance of the West-end possessing an Opera House worthy of the name; for the ground I succeeded in securing on the Victoria Embankment, besides being the best possible site, was, in fact, the only one. As far as I personally am concerned it cannot be said that the completion of the National Opera House is a matter of the very highest moment. The lease of Her Majesty's Theatre has still twelve or thirteen years to run, which will be quite long enough for me. But at the end of that time the West-end will be without an Opera House. Her Majesty's Theatre will be wanted for other purposes than those to which it is applied, and the National Opera House must within a very short time be either finished as an Opera House or turned into something else. This poor result of much earnest endeavour would not only be vexatious to me—it would be a misfortune to London. Such a misfortune, moreover, may easily and even profitably be avoided.

"To give some idea of what would be the real value of the National Opera House when finished, and to encourage any one who may wish to take it off my hands to finish it, I am ready to engage to pay rent for it at the rate of from £12,000 to £14,000 a year. Sorry as I should be to see the undertaking pass from beneath my control, the terms I have just proposed would be advantageous as compared with those under which I held a theatre not nearly so large, not nearly so commodious, as the National Opera House will be. I paid at Drury Lane £250 a week, with the right of adding as much as I pleased to the stock, scenery, and costumes belonging to the theatre, but with no right to take anything out. Thus, my tenancy being only a temporary one, it could not suit me to mount grand operas in the style in which I should mount them at a theatre placed permanently under my direction. I had hoped to be something more than lessee of the National Opera House. But as an Opera manager of some experience, I say confidently I would rather be tenant at that theatre on the terms mentioned than proprietor or paid director at any other. If, then, no one will help me and my associates to complete the building, will any one complete it for himself on the understanding that very good interest for his money will be secured to him in the shape of rent. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"Her Majesty's Theatre." "J. H. MAPLESON."

We can sympathise with Mr Mapleson, and hope earnestly that the £40,000 may be forthcoming. Nevertheless, the lease of Her Majesty's Theatre has, we understand, more than "twelve or thirteen years to run;" and though it may be "wanted for other purposes," it cannot be got "for other purposes," seeing that, according to the terms of the lease, it must only be used as an Opera House.

Mynyddog.

WHO now will believe that no man is a prophet in his own country? Here but lately among us was "Mynyddog;" and now he is gone! Is he remembered? Is he regretted? None present at the Llandyssul *Eisteddfod* can surely have forgotten the preliminary bardic address, delivered, in Welsh,

by Ioan Cynllo, himself a bard of bearded eminence, referring in touching language to the loss sustained by the death of the Poet of Montgomery—after which, if we may believe the *Carmarthen Journal*, the entire company rose and remained for some minutes, erect, in solemn silence, as a suitable token of respect? None!—we may depend upon it. Mynyddog has departed; but, in the absence of Brinley Richards, John Thomas, Edith Wynne, Annie Edmonds (apostate!), and our beloved Lewis Thomas ("Pencerdd Gwffyn"), there were others present anxious and able to render justice to his memory. Listen to T. E. Lloyd, M.P., as reported by our once esteemed contemporary:—

"Nor can I refer in adequate terms to the loss which all Wales has sustained in the late demise of the genial, witty, talented, and hardworking Mr Richard Davies, better known as 'Mynyddog.' He was a man who did more than any other, so far as I know, to promote the success of *Eisteddfodau*, but he has now departed from us for ever, leaving us only his memory to dwell on. He had great talents, not the least of which was his rare wit and humour; he possessed great kindness of heart, and was the life and soul of our national gatherings. I first met him two years ago, at the Lampeted *Eisteddfod*, and was from the first charmed with his vivacity and cleverness. He conducted the Tregaron *Eisteddfod* last year, and appeared to be in perfect health. Last winter, however, he visited America, and attended various *Eisteddfodau* amongst the Welsh settlements, delighting his countrymen with his humour, and giving them a taste of that enjoyment we have so frequently experienced here. He took cold in America, returned home in ill health, and died a few weeks ago at his farm near Cemmaes, Montgomeryshire, deeply regretted by his countrymen. As an *Eisteddfod* conductor he had no equal; and such was his influence with the people, that any disturbance was quickly put down by his ready tact and wit. He was an excellent poet, and composed comic and other songs which I have heard him sing with such effect as to produce roars of laughter. I feel as if I had lost a friend in the death of Mynyddog, and I am sure his loss will be long felt at our national gatherings. I could not take the chair at this *Eisteddfod* without uttering a few words of praise in memory of poor Mynyddog. I am pleased to find that a memorial is to be erected to him; I have subscribed to it myself, and I hope as many lovers of Wales and Welsh talent as possibly can will do the same. The desirability of such a memorial is too patent to require any utterances of mine to recommend it."

You are right, Mr T. E. Lloyd, and we join you hand and heart. Yet another M.P., Mr David Davies, who spoke in Welsh (rare faculty for all but *Aborigines*!) paid eloquent tribute to Mynyddog, as thus (again we call to our aid the *Carmarthen Journal*):—

"Our late friend Mynyddog was to have taken a most prominent part in this day's proceedings. I have no doubt the committee have done their best to fill his place, but must of necessity fail to some extent, as he was a man for the purpose. I am happy to know that steps are being taken to keep his name alive in our country. I trust that the memorial will be worthy of his name in every sense. I am sure we shall all be very pleased to contribute something to it in order to show our estimation of his talents and to keep his name familiar for generations to come."

Hear! Hear! But why, Oh Pencerdd Gwffyn, didst thou absent thyself? From thine inspired pen we should have had fitting homage to one whom thou lovedst (thou hast declared as much), in prose or poetry—for both become thee. From the genial, enthusiastic "Talhaiarn," with whom we made acquaintance at Rhuddlan, when his *Messiah* gallery gave way (1850), to the last Welsh bard we ever met, we cannot recall one who has failed to exercise upon us a certain fascination, causing sympathy to spring up, suddenly, like mushrooms of a night, and leaving the impression that there was still something in the world worth thinking about. As "high mountains" to Lord Byron, so have always been enthusiasts to us—"a feeling;" and if there are enthusiasts under the moon, Welsh bards may claim to belong to that fraternity. Therefore, Pencerdd Gwffyn, unless we receive from thee an appropriate monody on Mynyddog, thy sins will not be forgiven thee, but weigh heavily till such time as thou art shriven. *Disley Peters.*

Elenchus.



DR HANS VON BÜLOW—Mr Arthur Sullivan having declined to renew his engagement on the same terms as in 1875-6—has accepted the post of conductor at the evening series of Glasgow Subscription Concerts. It is to be hoped that the irascible Doctor may get on more smoothly at Glasgow than he did at New York and Boston, and that he wont be "hinterviewed" by Mr —, the cute (and amiable) critic of the — (and, by the way, our very dilatory "Own Correspondent").

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR GRIPE.—On the contrary. The article on the New Philharmonic Society referred to, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* (May 15), spoke of the young violinist as follows:—

"The new comer was *Mlle Pommereuil*, a youthful, graceful, and accomplished Belgian lady, who on this occasion made her first appearance in London as a violinist with marked success. The Concerto in G minor of Max Bruch was selected by *Mlle Pommereuil*, and exhibited remarkable taste and considerable powers of execution. The young debutante is a disciple of the broad school of violin playing observed by *Vieuxtemps*, and there is little doubt that such evident talent will result in a distinguished career in the profession so successfully adopted. *Mlle Pommereuil* was recalled unanimously after her performance, and received the hearty congratulations of all who were present."



In speaking of the sisters Milanollo, Dr Gripe is evidently running his head against the sisters Ferni, who had no more to do with the sisters Milanollo than the sisters Milanello had to do with the sisters Néruda.

IGNACE GIBSONE.—Every scrap of music, good, bad, or indifferent, from the pen of a master should be accessible, because having a value for the genuine amateur—the amateur, that is, who not only reads or listens, but reflects. At the same time, it does not follow that every scrap should be publicly performed. In this matter discretion is needful, the point for decision being whether any actual good is likely to result, apart from the gratification of curiosity. Mr Gibsone is entirely wrong about Nicolai and Nicolai. The harpsichord sonatas of Nicolai, the Italian, were composed long before Nicolai, the German, was thought of. Mr Gibsone should perfume his kerchief with "Otto" of Roses. The opera called *La Rosa Bianca e la Rosa Rossa* was composed by Simon Mayr, who also wrote the *Medea* in which Pasta—poor Cherubini!—took delight, and also Parodi, who was a parody (no pun) of Pasta. But "Otto" is "Otto." Mr Gibsone should "meditate" a book or two onward. Nicolai Isouard had nothing in common with either "Nicolai" mentioned.

MR EDWARD OXENFORD.—We entirely agree with the contents of Mr Oxenford's letter; but, as it has already appeared in other papers, we can see no advantage in inserting it.

ALEXANDRA PALACE CONTEST.—Too late for this week.

MARRIAGE.

On the 7th August, at St Saviour's, Maida Hill, by the Rev. F. S. May, M.A., of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, **HENRY WILLIAM WIENER**, to **EMILY KATHLEEN**, daughter of the late Desmond Ryan, B.A.

DEATHS.

On the 3rd August, at The Close, Hereford, very suddenly, of heart disease, **GEORGE TOWNSHEND SMITH**, Organist of Hereford Cathedral, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Friends will please accept this intimation.

On the 7th August, suddenly, at Saltburn-on-Sea, **GRACE**, the beloved wife of G. A. Osborne, Ulster Terrace, Regent's Park.

On the 7th August, at St George's Hospital, through an accident while driving, **MRS GEORGE MARCH**, well-known to the musical world as "Virginia Gabriel."

VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

Mrs George March ("Virginia Gabriel") met with an accident on Sunday last, August 5, which proved fatal. Mr and Mrs March had been driving in Hyde Park, and when returning home, through Grosvenor Street, the horse took fright. Mrs March was thrown from the carriage, and received injuries of so serious a nature, that it was found advisable to convey her forthwith to St George's Hospital, where she died about 2.30 on Tuesday morning. Mrs March was not only an excellent musician, as her various compositions show, but an amiable and thoroughly accomplished lady, an ornament to society, and respected by all who had the good fortune to enjoy the advantage of her personal acquaintance.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

FREDERIC VON FLOTOW, composer of *Stradella*, *Martha*, *L'Ombré*, &c., has sold his estate in Reichenau, and retired to his villa in Mecklenburgh. He has finished a new romantic opera, *Die Musikanten* (*The Musicians*), libretto by Richard Genée. The story, taken from one of Mozart's early adventures, is said to be highly amusing, and the music is well spoken of. The opera, already translated into Italian, will be performed for the first time at Turin, next October.

We regret to say that the health of *Mlle Tietjens* is anything but reassuring, and that the necessity of another operation for dropsy is apprehended. Her appearance at the Festivals at Gloucester and Leeds, a month or so hence, is, under the circumstances, out of the question; and if she ever sings again in public there will be cause to rejoice. We should only be too pleased to find these sad prognostications unfulfilled.

MDME ADELINA PATTI has, says *Galignani*, paid M. Escudier, manager of the Italian Theatre at Paris, 100,000 francs as forfeit for her breach of engagement. She has also telegraphed to M. Strakosch, of New York, to say that she accepted his proposals for the United States, namely, 10,000 francs for each performance and a benefit; *fifty-one performances guaranteed, or more than half a million of francs.*

THE Covent Garden Promenade Concerts commence to-night. The fine band of last season has been re-engaged, with Mr Alfred Burnett as leader, and Mr Howard Reynolds as principal *cornet-a-pistons*. The vocalists are *Mdles De Maesen*, *Rajmondi*, and *Celega*, *Signori Gianini* and *Medica*, with *Mlle Pommereuil* as violinist, *Mlle Debillemont* as pianist, and M. Marlois as accompanist. *Mdme Rose Hersee* will appear August 25th; M. Henri Ketten (pianist), September 8th; *Mlle Moisset*, September 15th; and M. Maurel, September 22nd. This evening an orchestral arrangement of themes from Gounod's latest opera, *Cinq-Mars*, will be performed, and a new polka, "The Drummer Boys," composed by Signor Ardit, accompanied by all the drummer boys of the Coldstream Guards. When it is added that the musical direction of the concerts is in the hands of the able and popular conductor, Signor Ardit, it will be seen that every endeavour has been made to secure success.

INFORMATION has been received by the Department of Science and Art, through Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that it is intended to hold an Art Congress at Antwerp, on the 19th of this month, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the birth of Rubens. Further details with respect to the proposed celebration may be obtained on application to M. Leopold de Wael, Burgomaster of Antwerp.

MR CARL ROSA left London for Dublin on Sunday night. The opera selected for the first performance of his company (on Monday, the 6th inst.) was *Il Trovatore*. Mr Rosa is having M. Ambroise Thomas's semi-serious opera, *Mignon*, translated into English, for the sake of exhibiting Miss Gaylord in the character of the heroine. He gives no London performances this year.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE third concert given by Mr W. H. Holmes and his professional pupils (including some of his class at the Royal Academy of Music, by permission of the Principal, Professor Macfarren, Mus. Doc.), assisted by eminent artists, took place on Thursday morning, July 26th, at Langham Hall. We subjoin the programme:—

Part I.—Motive, from W. H. Holmes's opera, *The Elf of the Lake*—pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes (W. H. Holmes); Chromatic Fantasia—pianoforte, Mr Luton (Bach); Gigue, in G minor—pianoforte, Miss Lindsay (Handel); Air with Variations—pianoforte, Miss Pamphilon (Haydn); Fantasia, in C minor—pianoforte, Miss Rebie Dunn (Mozart); Duet—pianoforte, Miss Fleming, violin, Mr Palmer (Dussek); Storm Rondo—pianoforte, Miss Edith Collins (Steibelt); Fugue—pianoforte, Mr Harvey Löhr (Beethoven); Duo, in D—pianoforte, Miss Mand Baglehole, violoncello, Herr Lütgen (Mendelssohn).

Part II.—Air with Variations—pianoforte (Frank Davenport), Carneval—harp, Miss Mary Chatterton, pupil of Mr F. Chatterton, on the harp (F. Chatterton); Solo, violoncello, on Themes by Schubert—Herr Lütgen, accompanied by Mme Lütgen (Servais and Lütgen); Song, "The Desert"—Mr Frank Holmes, kindly accompanied by the composer (L. Emanuel); Trio—pianoforte, Miss Grace Gye, violin, Mr Palmer, violoncello, Herr Lütgen (Brahms); Fugue—pianoforte, Miss Florence Sanders (Rubinstein); Trio—pianoforte, Miss Isabel Thurgood, violin, Mr Palmer, violoncello, Herr Lütgen (Max Bruch); New Transcription Bravura, by W. H. Holmes (expressly for this concert), MS. of the "Dance of Herodia's Daughter," from *St John the Baptist* (G. A. Macfarren); Selection from Pauer's new *Gradus ad Parnassum*: "Study on the Shake" (Hummel); "Study on Thirds and Sixths" (C. Mayer); "Study on the Arpeggio" (Chopin)—pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes.

The selection of the works from Bach to Mendelssohn was of course made with the object of showing the rise and progress of the schools of composition and pianoforte playing. The pianoforte was a splendid instrument from the manufactory of Messrs John Broadwood & Sons. No concerts of their kind can be more varied and interesting than these. Mr Holmes is a great professor, and has done more than any other for the legitimate study of the instrument on which he is himself so justly renowned an executant.

PROVINCIAL.

RAMSGATE.—The splendid hall built at the foot of the Granville Hotel, on the Marina, St Lawrence-on-Sea, Ramsgate, was opened on Monday with a miscellaneous concert under the direction of Herr Schubert. The concert began with a Grand Duo Concertante, by Goltermann, played by Herr Haue (pianoforte) and Herr Schubert (violin); the next piece being a vocal quartet, "England," sung by Miss Davies, Miss Dones, Mr Stedman, and Mr Thurley Beale; Mr Thurley Beale then followed with the "Moss Trooper" (encored); Miss Davies with "In a distant land," Taubert (encored), and "Robin Adair;" Mr Stedman with Reichardt's "Love's Request," and "The anchor's weighed;" Miss Dones with "Three Fishers" (Hullah), and "When the tide comes in" (Baraby); the duet, "I would that my love" (Mendelssohn); "I Navigant" (Randegger); and "The fisherman's good night." Herr Haue (piano) and Herr Schubert (violin) each contributed a solo. Herr Schubert conducted. The hall was crowded, and the concert was highly successful.

HAMBURG.—The representations in the Carl Schulzetheater, under the direction of Herr Schmidt, are discontinued, for the simple reason that the director told the artists he had no money.

MAYENCE.—We have had concerts here every day, alternately, one day in the Aulage and the next in the Raimundi Garden, with the band established by Burgermeister Schott (the late well-known publisher). In the winter the band belongs to the Town Theatre.

WIESBADEN.—M. Jules de Swert (the violoncellist), who has been playing with success at Vienna, and at a concert at our Kurhaus, is putting the finishing touches to his opera, *Parcival*, which is to be brought out next season.

MR CARL ROSA seems to be always changing his mind. It is now Wagner's *Meistersinger*, now Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, now Weber's *Oberon*, now Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and so on. The enterprising impresario has at last hit upon the *Mignon* of M. Ambrose Thomas, for Miss Gaylord. What next? Mr Rosa abandons the idea of giving performances in London this year. Alas! for poor English opera (or opera in English); no one has any faith in it.—*Graphic*.

DE CAUX v. DE CAUX.

The Paris Correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"The Caux-Patti suit came on late on Friday afternoon before the Civil Tribunal. President Aubepin took the greatest care to prevent even barristers knowing that he was to hear it that day. It was placed at the end of a long list of cases, some of which could be very rapidly heard, and the rest of which he knew he would be asked to adjourn. The usher muttered in a scarcely audible voice the words, 'De Caux contre de Caux,' as M. Senard and three more advocates were quitting the court, where they had been to ask for more time for the further preparation of briefs. President Aubepin then hurried through the reading of the judgment.

'We hereby rule the separation of persons and of goods asked for in his petition; and we moreover commit to the care of Maître Champetier de Ribes, notary, the liquidation of the community, and to M. L'Evesque, judge, the drawing up of the report on said liquidation;

the Marquise de Caux to pay the costs of the suit.' The property vested by the Marquis de Caux for his wife in France amounts to nearly £80,000 sterling. As they were married without a contract, he will at the winding-up or liquidation get the half of it. Her diamonds and other jewels and trinkets, and I am told also laces, velvets, and shawls, which come under the head of articles of luxury, will be sold; or, if she chooses, she can take one half, and the other at a valuation."

LETTERS FROM BAYREUTH.

Under the title of "Letters from Bayreuth," the well-known musical critic, Mr Joseph Bennett, has republished, in a compact volume, a series of very interesting articles, originally addressed to the *Daily Telegraph*, on the performance of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, in August, 1876. A perusal of this little book, as unpretending as it is full of solid information, accompanied by searching and highly intelligent critical remarks on the subject treated, will amply repay the time spent upon it by an attentive reader, whether he be a proselyte to Wagner, or a disbeliever in Wagner's theories. Nothing could be clearer set forth, in that genuine Saxon English of which Mr Joseph Bennett is unquestionably a master; and whether we may agree with all his conclusions, or the contrary, a consideration of his arguments, *pro* and *con*, will not be the less entertaining and instructive. What was said once upon a time, by an eminent critic, about the late Lord Lytton, to some friend who disputed that prolific author's claims to original genius, applies with equal truth to Mr Joseph Bennett—"His diction, sir, alone is a charm." And to this may be added the subdued gravity of Mr Bennett's style, his strong common sense, and the logical acuteness of his reasoning, from whatever point of view he may regard the topic he discusses. Apart from all this, however, the "Letters from Bayreuth" deserve to be universally read. They give us Wagner in a nut-shell—that is, according to the impression created by the arch revolutionist upon the mind of the writer.—*Graphic*.

SEVEN YEARS AGO.*

The moon, like a soft and shining pearl,	Just seven years! yet thy comely face
Gleams white in yon sapphire sky,	Is as young and fresh to me;
And slowly the leaves, with tuneful	Nor age nor care have left a trace
Are gently wafted by.	That my fond eyes can see.
Full many an argent August moon	And, best of all, thy tender heart,
Hath passed since I knew thee,	Thank God! is still as true;
And (like life's joys) passed all too soon,	And mine has ne'er had cause to smart,
Whene'er thou wert with me.	Nor yet its trust to rue.
Thine eye is still as fond and bright,	My love and my life are knit in one;
And thy words still kindly flow,	That love no change can know;
As when first we met that August night	'Tis deeper, firmer, stronger now,
Just seven years ago.	Than seven years ago!
July 24, 1877.	MARIA XIMENA HAYES.

* Copyright.

BERLIN.

(Extract from a Letter.)

The theatrical season is at present very dull. The comedians of the Imperial "Burgtheater" at Vienna, who gave a series of performances at the National Theatre, have left again for home. The excellence of their representations and the good selection of pieces draw better houses than was expected. Quite a sensation was produced by Miss Wessely at Leipzig, a very talented artist, who promises to become one of the leading actresses of the future. She is now only seventeen years of age, but shows a wonderful perception in delineating human character. On seeing her as Marie, in Goethe's *Clavigo*, I was struck by her marvellous rendering of this difficult part. At Wallner's Theatre the *Hypochondria* continues to be appreciated by comparatively large audiences. The Friedrich Wilhelmstadt has come out with *The Portrait Lady*, a new *opéra bouffe* in the style of Offenbach, not containing much originality. The lessee at Waltersdorf's Theatre, after vainly endeavouring to attract the public by representations of Anzengruber's moral plays, chiefly depicting the life of the lower classes in Austria, has been obliged to close. A like fate seems to await the Thalia Theatre, which is changing from hand to hand without any proprietor being more fortunate than his predecessor. In the Städtgarten, a public place of recreation in the centre of the city, where open air concerts are nightly given, the ascension of balloons has a more magnetic influence than the music of Beethoven or Mozart. Last Sunday, to the amusement of the Berliners, a young actress accompanied the aeronaut in his ascent. They had a voyage of three hours, and effected a landing without injury to the fair occupant, who afterwards sent to the papers a description of her experiences in balloon travelling. For the next voyage a member of the Japanese Legation has bespoken a seat in the car. Our Eastern friends have become quite popular here, especially among the fairer sex.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS.

On Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, the first of a series of ten operatic performances by the Rose Hersee Opera Company was successfully given, and attracted a large audience. During the last two years no operas have been heard at the Palace, and it was in compliance with numerous requests that the directors arranged for a reproduction of that form of musical entertainment, which for many consecutive years was one of the leading attractions in their annual programme. The opera selected for Saturday was Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, which had never before been introduced at the Palace, and had not been presented in London in an English dress since it was performed by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Princess's Theatre in the autumn of 1875. Two of the principal artists engaged on Saturday, Mdme Rose Hersee (Countess Almaviva) and Signor Campobello (Count Almaviva), occupied prominent positions in the cast of the opera at the Princess's Theatre, two years back; and about these, with the proviso that the two airs of the Countess could hardly have been rendered with more purely Mozartean expression than by Mdme Hersee, it is only necessary to say that on Saturday they maintained the high reputations they have long enjoyed. Mdme Cave-Ashton appeared for the first time as Susanna, and made a highly favourable impression, singing the music with a fidelity to the text and correctness of phrasing bespeaking the well-trained musician, and acting with much vivacity and intelligence. Miss Florence St John, a young lady who has never before been heard in London, has a telling *mezzo-soprano*, and acts with spirit. Mr Richard Temple was a remarkably good Figaro, while Mr Marler (Dr Bartolo) and Mr Arthur Howell (Antonio) were all that could be desired. Basilio and the minor characters were efficiently represented. By some mischance more than half the chorus failing to reach their destination, the few choral pieces were less effective than they might have been. As every one knows, it is on the efforts of the principal artists that the success of any performance of *The Marriage of Figaro* must depend, and it is due to all concerned to say that not only were the familiar solos, duets, and trios successfully sung, but that the glorious *finale* of the second act was executed with faultless precision. The fine band of the Palace played the overture in admirable style, and rendered full justice to the accompaniments. To the conductor, Mr Sidney Naylor, who has had a long experience as a *chef d'orchestre*, much of the success of the performance was due. The *mise-en-scène* reflected credit on the ability of the stage manager, Mr Arthur Howell.

On Tuesday Vincent Wallace's ever-popular *Maritana* was performed with the following cast:—*Maritana*, Mdme Rose Hersee; *Lazarillo*, Miss Florence St John; *Don Cesar de Bazan*, Mr George Perren; *Don José*, Sig. Campobello; the *Marquis* and *Marchioness*,

Mr Arthur Howell and Mrs Dixon; and King Charles of Spain, Mr R. Temple. It would be difficult to provide a better cast, and the manner in which the opera was executed would have satisfied the composer himself. It is no slight advantage to have a body of instrumentalists such as the Crystal Palace orchestra, with such solo players as MM. Dubrucq, Clinton, Wells, Wootton, &c., to execute *obligato* passages—saying nothing of the leader, Mr. Watson, whose violin solo was admirably played. Of the manner in which such artists as Mdme Rose Hersee, MM. Perren, Campobello, and Temple acquitted themselves, it is needless to speak; but special praise is due to Miss St John, who, as *Lazarillo*, enhanced the favourable impression previously made by her *Cherubino*. Her delivery of "Alas those chimes!" was unanimously applauded. The quality of her lower notes surprised those who had supposed her to be simply a *mezzo-soprano*; and, although her vocalisation needs further polish, she has every chance of being successful as a contralto pure. *Il Trovatore* was the opera on Thursday, and *Don Giovanni* will be presented this afternoon.

Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival Play.*

(From Dwight's Journal of Music.)

[We translate here the concluding chapter of a little book by H. M. Schletter, Director of the Conservatory at Augsburg, a cultivated musician and an admirable critic. The volume is made up of his letters from Bayreuth to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in which he records his impressions after each day's performance of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy and Introduction. We think it embodies, on the whole, the best account that we have yet seen, both in the way of description and of critical appreciation, among so many good ones, of Wagner's master effort. We wish some publisher and competent translator might be found for the entire work, which exceeds the narrow bounds of our fortnightly journal.]

We find ourselves at the end of the gigantic work. Congratulating ourselves on having happily survived it, and registering a vow of renunciation for all time of all repetition of the enjoyment, we will now attempt a *resumé* of the impression of the entire work, and try to see what prospects for future artistic realization these bold innovations, which Wagner has here for the first time brought partially before the world, may offer. Wagner we know, is proclaimed by the Hotspurs, who follow his flag from various motives, as the greatest poet and greatest composer of his time, as the perfecter of all dramatic-musical strivings. Possibly he believes all that of himself; he has at least given abundant proofs of bold self-consciousness. But let it remain undecided, whether he is fond of hearing himself compared to *Æschylus* and other men not altogether insignificant. Whether, as poet, he stands immediately next to Schiller and Goethe, the experts may determine. But, in our deepest, firmest conviction, the place next to Mozart and Beethoven is to this hour unoccupied. The performance of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy, apart from the manifold shortcomings in the more or less successful representation itself, could not yield any real satisfaction, not to speak of enjoyment. Even the most glowing of Wagner's followers had to confess, that helpless dreariness and dullness, infinite exhaustion and prostration, were the lot of all who attended the festival plays. The dramas of our great poets also move and thrill us, penetrate and stir us; and it would be terrible to think that people could always go away from the temples of Art only humming or laughing. It will ever remain the highest task of poetry and music to reach what is deepest in man and make him bow beneath the weight of imperishable impressions. But true and genuine Art elevates and refreshes at the same time, for in its inmost nature it conceals the balm for the griefs it brings. With Wagner's dramas it is quite otherwise.

Who has carried away from the *Rheingold* anything but nervous irritation and physical prostration? What artistic or dramatic idea was there to compensate us for the torturing prolixity of this prelude? In the first drama, Siegmund and Sieglinde interest us perhaps, and at the end the noble Walkyrie; but we cannot feel our whole soul warm for the guilty pair, the victims of a dark fate; and before Brünnhilde's destiny is finally fulfilled, we have long since been blunted for all impressions. Siegfried offers no moment that could lift us above the commonplace of life; and in the *Götterdämmerung*, of which the text, in

* By one of Wagner's compatriots!—D. B.

point of invention and execution, may be designated as the best and most consistent portion of the Trilogy, it is at bottom only magic draughts that govern destinies. Even the underlying thought of the whole, that all for wretched gold and the guilt that cleaves to it, both gods and men must be brought low—(in the murderous drama all the actors, from Wotan down to the horse Grane, find annihilation,—only the insignificant Guttrune remains alive)—has nothing for us that really takes hold of us, at all events nothing to fill our soul throughout four evenings.

What chiefly enchains us in other poems, the mild relations of sympathy and love, the feelings and emotions of the acting persons, is almost wholly wanting in Wagner's dramas. He succeeds better in describing wild passion and fiery lust, than in expressing in tones the tender blissful feelings of the soul. Cheap effects may always be obtained by a thick laying on of colours. To our heart, which surely has some claims upon a drama, too little is offered in the four *Nibelungen* evenings, to enable us to begin to talk of satisfaction. Not the slightest interest is awakened in us for the fate of the *soi-disant* Gods; their uncouth progeny, governed by the most unbridled sensuality, soon become repulsive to us; to the men clings not a trace of moral character. Only in a few rare moments is any warmer sympathy excited; as when in the second act of the *Walküre* the love of husband and wife, and in the third, that between child and father, breaks out; when Siegfried yields himself up to the magical charm of the forest, and when Brinnhilde is awakened by him out of her long sleep. For the almost entire want of scenes and traits which work upon our inmost feeling, we are not compensated in the long run by beautiful decorations and costumes, which one very soon sees to satiety, nor by the bold scene shifting and the interesting writs of identification (*Leit-motiven*) which chase one another restlessly about in the orchestra; least of all by lengthy scenes, spun out with evident fondness, in which sensuality is raised to boiling heat and voluptuousness goes up in steaming, stifling vapours. How far a stage play may go in this direction, we will not here inquire; we are far from wishing to preach up absolute virtuousness and the diverting of the drama from any sort of sensuous delight. In pictures, under certain circumstances, even the nude can appear chaste and pure; yet there is a great difference between such noble works of plastic Art and those which purposely present voluptuous scenes merely to excite sensual passion. With Wagner it is too strikingly the case, that the description of wild, reeling sensual ecstasy is often what he aims at; he understands that like a virtuoso, and with a faun-like zest he riots in such exciting tone-pictures. By this means his Art becomes immoral and corrupting, an ideal for hysterical women and nervously exhausted men. The conception of love or sexual relations in his operas is unspeakably unsound, unnatural, and loathsome. One must actually find a peculiar satisfaction in risking swoons of the senses, when we can resolve to hear such music often.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.*

The setting sun o'er the waving corn
On the hill which looks over the sea,
And the soothing sound of the breakers borne
In the ocean breeze by me,
Whilst the skylark's song in the evening chill
Echoes faint through the corn-waving breeze o'er the hill.
Or musing, a placid summer's night
Dreamily into the black
Of the death-silent wood where the moon trembles light
On the shadows demoniac,
And the air seems alive with the pure emotion
Of a few musicians at their devotion.
O! that my soul could sail in the sighs,
Hear, nay feel the beat
Of a throbbing heart to sympathise
With a rapture so tender, so sweet.
O! for the wondrous joy divine
Of a love-lighted face upturn'd to mine!

Polkaw.

* Copyright.

WAIFS.

Sig. Schira was in Milan a short time since.

Mdlle Marie Heilbron has been singing at Vichy.

M. J. L. Heugel, editor of *Le Ménestrel*, is at Dieppe.

Signor L. Savertal has returned from his tour in Italy.

The Paris Conservatory of Music will re-open on the 8th October.

Dr Ferdinand Ludwig has gone to Königstein to pass his vacation.

The Professorship of the Violin at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin, is vacant.

A sportive American has named his pig "Maud," because it frequently comes into his garden.

Mdles Victoria and Felicia Bunsen are on a visit to Mrs Trafford, Michaelchurch Court, Hereford.

Mdlle Thalberg is at present stopping at her residence, No. 17, Calle Fernando VII., in Barcelona.

A new four-act opera, *Etienne Marcel*, by M. Camille Saint-Saens, will be produced next winter at Lyons.

Mdme Irma Marié (Mdme Edouard Colonne), sister of Mdme Galli-Marié, is engaged at the Opéra-Comique.

Signor Badia and the Mdles Badia have gone to Scarborough for the season, instead of Aix-les-bains, as they intended.

The Cassel Cithern Club has convoked a congress of German cithern players for the 8th, 9th, and 10th September.

Herr Wilhelmj is, with his family, at his villa near Biberich, on the Rhine, slowly recovering from his recent indisposition.

The principal characters in M. Rubinstein's *Nero* at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, will be sustained by Mdlle Albani and Sig. Tamberlik.

M. Ambroise Thomas has gone to his country house at Argenteuil to complete the ballet music of his *Françoise de Rimini*, and his new opera, *Psyché*.

An Arabic performance in the theatre in Alexandria and an Italian representation in the open-air theatre in the garden in Cairo are well supported.

On his passage through Luchon, M. Ernest Reyer, composer of *La Statue* and musical critic of the *Débats*, was invited to dine with the King of Holland.

There is a rumour that Richard Wagner contemplates a journey to America—but in what capacity, whether as conductor of concerts or composer of operas, is not yet known.

Mdme Franchita Barri, (wife of Signor Odoardo Barri, the composer) is to be the vocalist, and Miss Madeleine Cronin, pianist, at the Brighton Aquarium Concert, to-day.

Herr Theodor Wachtel, having returned from Switzerland to Vienna, has concluded engagements for next season with the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, and the Theatres at Prague and Leipsic.

Mdlle Sangalli left Paris, for her holiday, on the 1st inst. After her return, she will remain with M. Halanzier till the end of the year, and then proceed to Vienna for M. Leon Délibes' *Sylvia*.

Mr Charles Lyall returned from Normandy last week, and almost immediately started for Dublin, to join Mr Carl Rosa's company, of which he is one of the most versatile, original, and invaluable members.

The well known firm of Chickering & Son (New York and Boston), have celebrated the manufacture of their 50,000th pianoforte, by instituting a library for the exclusive use of their overseers and workmen.

Anton Rubinstein, in his quality of knight of St Wladimir (4th class), and at the demand of the Grand Duchess Catharina Mikhailowna, has been raised by the Emperor to the rank of hereditary nobility.

We understand that Mr Charles K. Salaman, the Hon. Sec. of the Musical Association, will retire from that office at the close of the present season, viz. on the 30th October. The third volume of the Association's proceedings is now issued.

The clear receipts of the Salzburg Festival amount to between three and four thousand florins. The second day was the best in a pecuniary sense; 540 florins were paid at the doors in addition to the money received for tickets in advance.

Besides the two Cimarosas, Aurelio and Ippolito, who cropped up after it was reported that no descendants of the composer were living, another member of the family, Luigi Cimarosa, a nephew by the father's side, has made known that he also is alive, and is now residing in Madrid, where he has been established some twelve years, as musical composer.

Herr Jean Becker (who played many years ago at the Monday Popular Concerts), leader of the Florentine Quartet Union, lately instituted a *concours* for a new string quartet. From among 50 competitors, the prizes have been awarded to Bernhardt Scholz, of Breslau, and Herr Friedrich Lutt, of Mayence. Johannes Brahms and Robert Volkmann were members of the jury.

ITALIAN OPERA ENGAGEMENTS.—Additions have now been made to the list of artists seeking engagements in Italy, and in Italian operas. The list now numbers 132 first sopranos, 54 leading contraltos, 144 first tenors, 98 first baritones, 29 basses, and 8 buffos. In all, there appear to be on this list 465 vocalists who want berths, and these are wholly irrespective of the large number of German, English, and American artists who are unconnected with Italy, and about whom the list does not profess to trouble itself. [*Mr Carl Rosa has travelling room for them all.*—T. Q.]

There were two of them hanging over the front gate the other night. She was standing within the yard, he on the side-walk, both leaning on the top rail, and as happy as pigs in a cornfield. He was saying: "Now, my own little darling, sweet idol of my soul, whose image is always on my heart," when, perceiving the old man coming down the front walk, he continued in a different strain. "The potatoe bugs haven't destroyed our crops so much since we purchased Paris green, and you will find also that cabbages can be raised better on richer soil." The old gentleman turned back, remarking: "These young people take more interest in agricultural matters than is generally supposed."

M. Sellier, who has carried off the first vocal prize at the Paris Conservatory, formerly served in a wine shop of the Rue Drouot, behind the old Opera House. At a meeting of the composers employed on the *XIX^e Siècle*, printed in the above street, each sang something. At length, one asked the shopman to try like the rest. It was a Wednesday. The chorus-singers of the Opera, lounging on the pavement, were surprised to hear an air from *La Juive* sung by a voice so pure and strong. This occurred several days in succession. At the request of M. Léon Thivet, a compositor, M. About went down from his editor's room one day to hear the phenomenon. Shortly afterwards, he persuaded M. Sellier to sing in the office, and, thanks to him, the young vocalist soon obtained a hearing from MM. de Leuven and du Locle, managers of the Opéra-Comique. They wished to secure him, but M. Halanzier undertook M. Sellier's musical education, and allowed him 400 francs a month till his *début* at the Opera, which will shortly take place.

LLANDYSSUL EISTEDDFOD.—The committee of the British School at Llandyssul, having handed over to the local school board the institution hitherto under their charge, and finding that a considerable debt remained, thought some time ago of getting up an *Eisteddfod*, the proceeds of which should tide them over the difficulty. The idea was warmly taken up by the promoters of secular education; and, notwithstanding the semi-party character of the project, it was supported by almost all classes and creeds over the district, as it took the form so dear to the Welsh heart, to which music and song can never come amiss. It was, consequently, no very difficult task to form an influential committee, and the enterprise of these gentlemen has been rewarded by the result. An audience of some 3,000, the attendance of a number of bardic gentlemen of note, who acted as adjudicators, choir-conductors, &c., two members of parliament, as presidents (Mr T. E. Lloyd, Coedmore, member for Cardiganshire, and Mr Davies, Llandinam, member for the Cardigan boroughs); with some promising choral parties in South Wales were among the distinguishing features which the *Eisteddfod* of Wednesday last owed in a great measure to the exertions of the committee. The marquee, erected on an eminence above the town, the accommodation provided for audience and reporters, with other preparations, gave unqualified satisfaction.—*Cardarthen Journal*.

MILAN.—Signori Gasseau and Steffanoni have opened the Teatro Dal Verme. The season is to last during August and September. The programme includes, among other things, Verdi's *Macbeth*, and a new opera with ballet, words by Sig. A. Ghislanzoni, music by Sig. C. E. Pasta.

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